

JUNE 15, 1922

PRICE 15 CENTS

# Life





## ONE OF THREE THINGS WILL HAPPEN

*This policy acts when your earnings cease*

DEATH	DISABILITY	OLD AGE
<p><b>\$10,000</b> in a lump sum (or more in instalments) if you die before age 60.</p> <p><b>\$20,000</b> if death is caused by accident.</p>	<p><b>\$100 a month</b> (\$1200 a year) as long as you live during total and permanent disability occurring before age 60. These payments do not reduce the amount payable at death or at age 60.</p> <p>No premiums charged during such disability but dividends paid as usual.</p>	<p><b>\$10,000</b> in a lump sum (or more in instalments) if you live, at age 60.</p> <p>If you have been drawing disability benefits this \$10,000 is paid at age 60 and the disability payments continue until death (provided you remain totally and permanently disabled).</p>

*Larger or smaller amounts at same rate of premium*

**LET YOUR PRUDENTIAL MAN SHOW YOU THE POLICY FOR YOUR NEEDS**

*Similar policies issued maturing at younger or older age*

## THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

Incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey

FORREST F. DRYDEN, President

HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N. J.

Founded by John F. Dryden, Pioneer of Industrial Insurance in America

*If every Wife knew what every Widow knows, every Husband would be insured.*

## Mirrors of Main Street

**I**N our town, as everywhere,  
Main Street's a "one-way"  
thoroughfare.

The Judge, a man of mien austere,  
Pronounces sentences severe;  
But in the place where he resides  
By Her decisions he abides.

The Lawyer, whom at need we see,  
Requires of us a counsel-fee.  
But in the mansion where he lives  
Gratis advice She daily gives.

The Preacher, whom we all revere,  
But once a week we have to hear.  
His sermon then our conscience  
stirs—  
He listens every day to Hers.

The Doctor who, for ail and ache,  
Orders the pill we meekly take,  
At home devours and imbibes,  
Three times a day, what She pre-  
scribes.

The Banker, whom we're prone to  
fear  
When we to ask a loan draw near—  
In his abode with aspect bland,  
Pays without question on demand.

Upon the Square the Traffic-cop  
Directs us when to go and stop;  
But where he dwells—like all the  
rest—  
He "stops" and "goes" at Her behest.

In our town—as everywhere—  
Main Street's a "one-way" thorough-  
fare.

J. B. H.

## Takes 10 Years From the Age

Graying hair ages a young face and makes you seem middle aged, even when it is premature. Restore it to its original natural color and look 10 years younger. This is simple, sure



and easy, no risk of the streaked, discolored, freakish hair which is worse than gray. Nothing to wash or rub off.

Mail coupon for free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. Be sure to state exactly the natural color of your hair. Better, enclose a lock in your letter. Test as directed on single lock and abide by results. Then get full-sized bottle at drugist or direct.

Mary T. Goldman,  
1329 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.  
Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is jet black.... black or dark brown.... medium brown.... light brown, drab or auburn....

Name .....  
Address .....



Courtesy of Chamber of Commerce, Seattle

Seattle, Scenic Puget Sound and Olympic Mountains

## Seattle—Like a New World Venice

Seattle is a wonderful summer vacation city. Like Venice, it is a place of many shimmering waters; to the west, Puget Sound—to the east, Lake Washington—in the city's midst, Lake Union—and all these waterways are united. Consider the charm of a city which has 195 miles of water front! Think of the rowing—motor-boating—sailing—aquatic sports.

## Northern Pacific Ry.

"2000 Miles of Startling Beauty"

will carry you to Seattle, through the most changeable, colorful sections of the entire Pacific Northwest. Beginning with Minnesota's 10,000 lakes, crossing North Dakota and the mountainous parts of Montana, you reach Fisherman's Paradise in the region which includes Lakes Flathead, Pend Oreille and Coeur d'Alene, with their comfortable hotels and camps.

**\$86 Round Trip—Chicago  
to North Pacific Coast**

Sold May 15 to September 30

Make the loop to Portland and Mount Hood returning by way of the lovely Columbia River.

**North Coast Limited—**

All-steel Through Train to the Northwest.  
Leaves Chicago 10:10 A. M. from  
Union Station, Burlington Route

**Stop at Yellowstone Park**

"In Gardiner Gateway, Out Cody"

Write for free book describing the wonders of the Great Pacific Northwest—as fascinating as fiction.

**A. B. Smith, Passenger Traffic Manager,  
St. Paul, Minnesota**



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## A Spelling Lesson

**O**NCE upon a time there was a stubborn student who refused to learn to spell.

But always the teacher pleaded with the student and often said:

"You will suffer some great inconvenience, if not actual tragedy, some time, by reason of this refusal of yours to study Orthography!"

Yet still the student was obdurate, and said "blah."

One day, after the obdurate stu-

dent had grown to manhood, he poisoned himself eating oysters in "Orgust."

And when the teacher, who had now grown old and toothless teaching Orthography, heard this, she said:

"Uh huh! I told him so!"

S. G.

## A Masterpiece

"GREAT make-up you've got."

"Yes," said the clown, "I copied this from a flapper."



From a drawing by Wesley Bonestell © ARCO 1922 Architects: Henry M. Congdon & Son, New York  
 TRINITY CHURCH, Waterbury, Connecticut, where two IDEAL TYPE A HEAT MACHINES  
 are paying for themselves in the fuel they save.

## How much less in the end!

**T**HE old-fashioned heating plant in this church burned 80 tons of coal in the winter of 1918-19.

The church committee hesitated whether to substitute IDEAL TYPE A HEAT MACHINES, or a cheaper boiler. They decided to pay a little more for the IDEAL TYPE A.

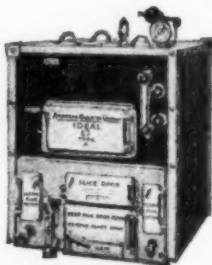
The following winter, a hard winter, 65 tons were burned.

Last winter, a mild winter, 55 tons were burned.

A saving of 40 tons in two years!

There are two kinds of heating equipment—the kind that is merely a purchase; and the kind that is a long-time investment.

The American Radiator Company is in the business of selling heating investments. Sometimes they cost a trifle more in the beginning—but how much less in the end!



If you plan to build or remodel this year, the first piece of literature to send for is our booklet on the IDEAL TYPE A HEAT MACHINE. Mail your request to either address below. For every heating problem we have a heating product.

## AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

*IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators for every heating need*

104 West 42nd Street  
 NEW YORK

Dept. 33

816 So. Michigan Avenue  
 CHICAGO



# Life



Flag Day



*Belle:* Jerry thinks he has a sense of humor.  
*Nell:* He must have a sense of humor to think *that*.

### The Sporting Life

**S**HE who, after considerable persuasion a number of years ago, agreed to (and eventually did) assume my name, put her book down and said, "Of course, I'd love to go—I'm crazy for the trip, but there's the question of clothes."

After years of married life, I'm always unable to remember that. To me, a trip is a trip—with her, it is a ceremony to be dressed up to. She tells me all women are like that. Well, perhaps, but it will take a referendum to convince me.

"—frocks, and, of course, sports clothes," she wound up.

"But you don't sport," I said plaintively, yet truthfully. "You are about as athletic as Queen Mary."

"I shall need," she went on, ignor-

ing me, "two sports hats, four sweaters, three sports skirts, a tweed suit, several pairs of—"

"And I shall need," I cut in, "two banker's uniforms, one curate's costume and a diving suit."

"—several pairs," she continued, gazing raptly at the ceiling and continuing her litany, "of sports shoes. One pair of white buckskin with brown leather doodads over the instep; one pair of stout brown oxfords, with a long fringed leather tongue; one pair—"

"Splendid!" I cried. "And I shall take my telephone pole, climbing spikes and my fireman's helmet. But, my dear, if you are really going into this thing properly, why are you leaving out your wrestling costume,

your discus-throwing suit or your pole-vaulting outfit?"

Fifty years ago she would have said, "James, don't be coarse." Other times, other manners. As it was, she merely said, "That's not so funny. Besides, every time we plan anything together, you always find some way to spoil it—I think you are horrid! I don't want to go on your old trip, anyhow, if I have to go looking like a—like a rag-bag," and there was a hint of tears in her voice.

I don't know why I'm fooled by it—it has happened a hundred times before. It is a kind of ritual we go through occasionally, and we are both thoroughly familiar with its procedure.

"There, there," I said going over to her and kissing her, "don't take it that way. You knew I was joking—be a sport."

This time she did trick me. "All right," she said quickly. "How can I be a sport without sports clothes?"

R. K.

### What They Said

**MR. LLOYD GEORGE**, M. Barthou, and M. Georg Tchitcherin, delegates at Genoa, met recently by chance at Portofino, which commands a particularly fine view of the Mediterranean. Whereupon the Genoa correspondents sent out columns of random guesses on what the three gentlemen said to one another.

For the first time LIFE offers an authentic interview with these statesmen, deciding this momentous question. What they said is set forth herewith:

**LLOYD GEORGE:** Fine view, Old Dear! But one gets a better view, you know, from th' Old Abbey—Westminster, you know.

**M. BARTHOU:** C'est magnifique! But that view from ze Eiffel Tower, she is more superb!

**M. TCHITCHERIN:** 'Sa pretty thing! But you oughta see Moscow, the way we've got it now, from the roof of the Kremlin. There's a grand ruin for you!

W. D.

### Different Now

**S**HE was innocent once, unalloyed: But she took up the writings of Freud.

So now when you meet her  
 And playfully greet her,  
 No subject you need to avoid.

## Facing the Boy's Camp Problem

THE time seemed to have come to send Junior away to a boys' camp for the summer. He was getting too large to have about the house all during the hot weather, and besides, getting him out of town seemed the only way to stop the radio concerts which had been making a continuous Chautauqua of our home-life ever since March.

I therefore got out a magazine and turned to that section of the advertising headed, "Summer Camps and Schools." There was a staggering array. Judging from the photographs the entire child population of the United States spent last summer in bathing suits or on horseback, and the pictures of them were so generic and familiar-looking that there was a great temptation to spend the evening scrutinizing them closely to see if you could pick out anyone you knew.

"Come on, read some out loud," said Doris in her practical way.

"The Nooga-Wooga Camps," I began. "The Garden Spot of the Micasset Mountains. Tumbling water, calls of birds, light-hearted laughter, horseback rides along shady trails, lasting friendships—all these are the heritage of happy days at Nooga-Wooga. . . . I don't think much of the costumes they give the boys to wear at Nooga-Wooga. They look rather sissy to me."

"That's because you are looking at the Camps for Girls, dear," said Doris. "Those are girls in Peter Thompsons and bloomers."

Hurriedly turning the page, I came to Camps for Boys.

"Camp Wicomagisset, for Manly Boys. On famous Lake Pogoniblick in the heart of the far-famed Wapahamock district. Campfire stories, military drill, mountain climbing, swimming, wading, hiking, log-cabins, sailing—they say nothing about horseshoeing. Don't you suppose they teach horseshoeing?"

"That probably comes in the second year for the older boys," said Doris. "I wouldn't want Junior to plunge right into horseshoeing his first season. We mustn't rush him."

"Camp Wad-ne-go-gallup on the shores of Crisco Bay, Maine. Facing that grandest of all oceans, the Atlantic. Located among the best farms where fresh and wholesome food can be had in abundance—yes, but is it had, my dear? That's the

question. Anyway, I don't like the looks of the boat in the picture. It's too full of boys.

"Opossum Mountain Camp for Boys. Unusual sports and trips—Ah, possibly condor stalking! That certainly would be unusual. But dangerous! I'd hate to think of Junior crawling about over ledges, stalking condors. And it says here that there is a dietitian and a camp-mother, as well."

"Camp-mother?" Doris sniffed, "Probably she thinks she knows how to bring up children—"

Just then Junior came in to announce that he had signed up for a job for the summer, working on the farm of Eddie Westover's uncle. So in view of this added income, I felt that I could afford a little vacation myself, and am leaving on July 1st for Camp Mionogonett in the foothills of the Rokomokos, "a Paradise for Manly Men."

R. C. B.

## The Lady from Melos

"A new York diagnostician declares that the modern flapper is a healthier and happier girl than the Venus de Milo."—*News Item.*

BEAUTIFUL Venus de Milo,  
Sickly and crippled and sad;  
Has no more arms than a silo—  
Some think she never has had.  
She can not rank with the Flapper;  
Scientists give her this slap:  
For whatever their charms  
Marble marms,  
Without arms,  
Can not be expected to flap.

Beautiful Venus de Milo;  
Worried, neglected, alone;  
Known from Honduras to Hilo—  
Well, and quite fav'rably known—  
She's not a belle at the parties,  
Petting's not done in her set:  
For whatever their charms  
Marble marms,  
Without arms,  
Can not be expected to pet.

W. D.



## Built to Order

"What's the matter with Smith, these days? Got lumbago or spinal curvature or something?"

"No, he has to walk that way to fit some shirts his wife made for him."



## Life



## Lines

IT may not be an instance of cause and effect, but just when there's fresh trouble in Ireland there's a shortage of bricks over here.

A boom has been started to run Hearst for Governor of New York. On the Yellow Ticket?

The next contest in order is one for the most popular revenue officer.

Wayne Wheeler names a Massachusetts Congressman as one hundred per cent. alcoholic, but fails to mention his proof.

China has a Christian general. We wondered what they were fighting about.

Lloyd George may not be the greatest prime minister who ever lived but he has the largest collection of luggage labels.

Mr. Hoover is investigating the coal supply, and here's hoping he gets at the rock bottom of it.

The roll call shows where a Congressman stands, and the *Congressional Record* shows where he lies.

It is reported that Will Rogers, the popular movie artist, has been trying his hand at writing verses. A veritable poet-lariat!

The Board of Directors of the Hall of Fame has decided to admit women. Such temerity ought to make members of the Board eligible themselves.

Before long, no doubt, they will actually permit the women to smoke.

"Marshall Field Buys Emotion for \$25,000."—*New York Herald*. It isn't the initial cost, it's the upkeep.

The only thing left for Dr. Sun Yat Sen is to sell his name to a biscuit factory.

Detroit may soon rival New York by erecting in front of its City Hall a statue of Henry Ford, called Flivvic Virtue.

Distances at sea are deceptive. Outgoing tourists assert that the first three miles seem the longest.

It looks as if we'll have a series of stories based on "The Sheik" till the George Sands of the desert grow cold.

Estimates that New York will have 37,000,000 people by the year 2022 shouldn't worry apartment-house dwellers unless they only have ninety-nine year leases.

If the Irish and Chinese don't stop fighting, how can they ever expect to get ready for the next war?

Mr. Fordney often speaks as foolishly as if his name consisted of the first syllable only.

Manufacturers of hair pins declare that they will be ruined by the craze for bobbed hair. They are unnecessarily alarmed. There are still hundreds of thousands of desk and bureau drawers to be opened.

Scientists who went to look for the plesiosaurus in Patagonia will be surprised to learn on coming home that the extinct Bull Moose has been sighted in Pennsylvania and Indiana.

Gifford Pinchot's victory was not without its bitter side when it's considered that 75,000 trees were chopped down to furnish wood-pulp for explaining just why Pinchot won the nomination.



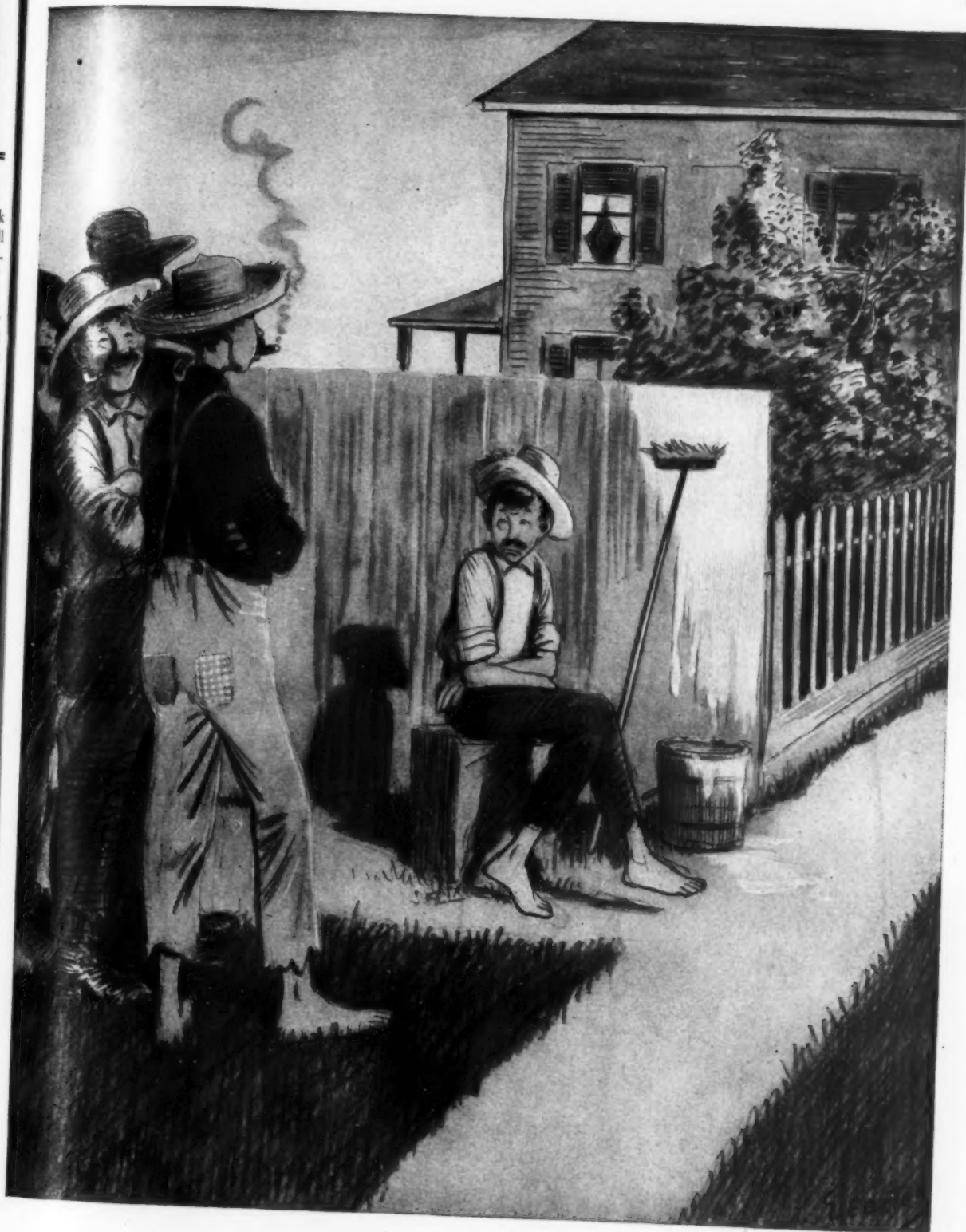
## A Director of the Fine Arts

With the Senate having an average daily attendance of twenty, you can figure what the cloak-room privilege is worth.

It seems as if everybody holds up mail trucks except the traffic cops.

Statistics show that college girls are growing taller. But statistics are unnecessary. Anyone can see that they've outgrown their skirts.





In Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Heaven, where everyone is twenty-five years old, Tom Sawyer is going to have considerable trouble getting the gang to white-wash his fence.



Son (jocularly): But, Mama, aren't you rather a strain on the horse you ride?  
 Mother (indignantly): Certainly not. I put most of my weight in the stirrups.

## Bingo

SINCE the Armistice my young brother-in-law has been a man of many trades. In the great wave of feeling that swept over the country in December, 1918, there was many a patriot who was prepared to give employment to a good-looking young man who had fought in the Great War and had a certain amount of capital. For a reasonable investment they were prepared to make him Managing Director, General Secretary, Business Overseer, or any other kind of important officer, with the temporary duties, in each case, of a high class office-boy.

Young George has been Managing Director to a firm of Automobile makers, a firm of boat builders, a patent-medicine concern, and an Accident Insurance Company. He has been all things to all men, and lost his capital in each case. By a proc-

ess of elimination his capital has now been entirely eliminated, and when I saw George last he was acting as Salesman to a new Fire-Extinguisher Business at a purely nominal fee—absolutely nominal.

As usual, he called on his brother-in-law to do his first deal. I bought the first motor car; I bought the first boat; I bought the first bottle of Nervo; and I was glad to take out the first Accident Policy, which covered all of them.

He brought with him two Bingo's, and a dummy Bingo for demonstration purposes—an ugly green bottle on an ugly wooden bracket.

"The Fire King," he said, "is ever lying in wait for us. Do you realize that nine fires happen every minute in the United Kingdom? That means 540 fires every hour, or—or 11,960 fires every day—"

"Or 12,960," I suggested. The Fire King had eaten up George's arithmetic.

"And I suppose every month there are practically 388,800 fires," I went on "and in a normal year you would have as many as 4,399,200?"

I was appalled. The thing had got hold of me.

"That's right," he said, solemnly. "And the awful thing is this. If everybody had a Bingo, half those fires would never have happened. There'd have been no need to call in the Fire Brigade." He leaned forward and tapped me on the knee. "At any moment you may have a fire in this house."

"Good God!" I said—and I knocked out my pipe.

"Now, Bingo's not an ordinary

thing," he said. "It's made of a special chemical—"

"What's that?"

"Well, it's—Pritt told me it was—damn it—it's—bi—di—tri—bisulphate, or something."

"Peroxide, perhaps?"

"No, it's not that. Now I want you to buy three of them—one for each floor. You fasten it to the wall—like this." George held the dummy Bingo over the mantelpiece between two Japanese prints. It did not look well.

"When an outbreak of fire is noticed in the house," he continued, "you simply seize the bottle, and tear it from the bracket—like this—thus removing the stopper." George seized the bottle and tore it from the mantelpiece, thus removing the Japanese prints, and the china shepherdess, but not the stopper.

"What do I do now?"

"You fling it into the heart of the flame," said George with enthusiasm. "By the way, this bottle's tremendously strong. Pritt says you can open a packing-case with it—"

"Is that a good thing?" I inquired.

George paid no attention. "It's like no other extinguisher on the market. You can hammer in nails with it. You *can't* break it!" he shouted.

"But I thought the whole idea of a fire-extinguisher was that it *would* break?"

"Not at all," said George; and in his eyes was a holy light. "I can throw it on the floor—thus—and—"

George threw the dummy Bingo violently upon the floor. It broke into a thousand pieces.

We gazed at the pieces in profound silence.

George scratched his head ruefully. "I made sure I'd got that bit about the packing-case right. This must be a faulty sample."

"Perhaps it was," I agreed. "Try poking the fire with one of the others."

The light came back into his eyes. "Of course!" he said; and seizing the second Bingo he thrust it into the grate, and madly heaved the coals about. As far as I could see the experiment was strikingly successful. The bottle did not appear to break, but there was a blue flash, and a great tongue of flame shot out into the room. George jumped back hastily, and I smelt the smell of singeing. In the grate there was an angry blaze. Columns of black



### Neither Here Nor There

Visitor: Is Mrs. Tatterly at home?

Servant (severely): Mr. Tatterly died this morning.

Visitor: I daresay; but I wish to see Mrs. Tatterly.

smoke rolled up the chimney. If I had not seen George put the fire-extinguisher in it, I should have said that the fire was on fire.

He thought so, too, apparently. For "Quick!" he cried, "the other one!" He seized the third Bingo and tore it from the bracket, according to directions. This time the stopper duly removed itself, and George impetuously poured the whole pint of peroxide on the heart of the flames. There was another blinding flash, and the heart of the flames dilated into a roaring furnace. The heat was terrific. The room was filled with suffocating smoke. Choking, we withdrew to the door. The two armchairs beside

the hearth caught fire. I tottered to the telephone and coughed an urgent call for the Fire Brigade.

Afterwards, the firemen said that they had never known a fire of such small beginnings endure with such obstinacy. The flames had some peculiar quality in them; the more hoses you turned on them, the more fiercely they blazed. As we walked away from the ruins of my house, George said,—cheerfully enough in the circumstances, "That's the worst of these durned samples." And I said, *very* cheerfully, I think, "Anyhow, we've broken the record."

"What do you mean?"

"This year there will be 4,399,201 fires."

A. P. H.



## Our All-American Duties

*Sounder Gives Some Inside Facts About Them*

WASHINGTON, June 12.— I have been deeply gratified to find that in the almost unanimous opinion of the press, the Tariff Bill is entirely consistent with our work in handling the taxation, bonus and sundry other problems.

### *Nor Do I Think*

that the press overstates the case. As Senator McCumber said, in his eloquent plea for the defense, this tariff bill is All-American. Judging by some of the duties imposed, he might even have said 100% American.

Personally, I feel that this is a very significant triumph for the Republican party. In spite of every temptation to bring in an All-Russian or All-Mexican bill, the committee never wavered.

### *No Tariff Bill*

has ever offered a wider scope of protection. As a member of the committee, I can truthfully say that we were absolutely tireless in thinking up things to protect. We even offered a prize of five dollars to the man who could give the longest list of names at meeting.

I am sorry to say that this gave rise to certain questionable practices. After Senator Smoot had won the prize six times running, we found that he had been cribbing from a Sears-Roebuck catalogue held under the table. And certain others tried to fatten their records by handing in names that they had made up.

Before the fraud was discovered, we had already decided on the rate of duty and put them in the list, and so it seemed scarcely worth the labor of trying to weed them out again.



"A just and generous bill," thinks Senator Johnson. "And it won't raise the cost of living—appreciably"



Mr. Fordney and Senator Sounder are for American valuation till the snow flies

However, it doesn't matter if there are a few of these duds in the list. The fact remains that we have protected everything there was to protect—except perhaps the American consumer.

Of course, I do not want to go so far as to say that the bill is absolutely flawless. I for one stand squarely with Mr. Fordney for the American as against the Foreign Valuation plan.

Even if I understood the difference between the two plans, I should not let it influence me. I am patriotic enough, I hope, to know that an American plan must be better.

### *From the Floor*

of the Senate I shall urge one or two amendments which were defeated in committee. First, I want to put a protective tariff on distinguished foreign visitors.

These have been so numerous in Washington during the last year or two, that a mere Senator can attract no attention whatever on the street. With medals so prevalent everywhere, I have tried wearing my old Red Cross and Liberty Loan buttons, but it makes no difference.

### *Likewise, "Impressions of America"*

by foreign visitors ought to be taken from the free trade list. At present, these are filling our newspapers to such an extent that we statesmen are finding it increasingly difficult to get free publicity.

I am therefore preparing a 15th schedule, putting a fairly stiff duty on the favorite impressions, such as the ugliness of our cities, Prohibition, American bad manners, commercialism, lack of taste, stupidity and so on.

### *But the Tariff Bill*

in its bigger aspects must be admitted a remarkable document. It would have been easy to write a tariff bill that merely increased the cost of living, or one that knocked our foreign trade on the head, or one that left business about as uncertain as before, but to have attained all three ends at once is surely an achievement.

Sounder.



"Senator Smoot had been cribbing from a Sears-Roebuck catalogue"



### Pantoum of Perspective

YOU'D think that Trojan Helen walked,  
And Cleopatra's charm was hers;  
Quite wonderful—until she talked;  
*Where did she get those gorgeous furs?*

And Cleopatra's charm was hers;  
Of course, her face is somewhat blank;  
Where did she get those gorgeous furs?  
*She must have money in the bank.*

Of course her face is somewhat blank;  
I wouldn't care to cross her path;  
She must have money in the bank;  
*Some broker?—Well, "to her that hath"—*

I wouldn't care to cross her path,  
Oh, I'm not catty—watch her eyes!  
Some broker?—Well, "to her that hath"—  
*She's no one's little raffle prize.*

Oh, I'm not catty—watch her eyes!  
I don't exactly like her smile;  
She's no one's little raffle prize—  
*It's just her clothes—it's not her style.*

I don't exactly like her smile,  
You'd think that Trojan Helen walked;  
It's just her clothes, it's not her style;  
*Quite wonderful—until she talked!*

W. D.

### Graduation Presents

MARY received:  
From Aunt Emma: "The Lives of Great Composers."

(Exchanged the same at the local book-store for "The Beautiful and Damned.")

From Uncle George: A gold bar pin.

(Credited the same and bought a cigarette holder.)

From Aunt Julie: A silk umbrella.

(Traded it with Hettie for a pair of pearl earrings.)

From Dad: A dozen pairs of silk stockings.

From Mother: A beaded bag.

(Raffled it off at the afternoon Bridge Club. Made twenty dollars and had a permanent wave.)

\* \* \*

Willie received:

From Aunt Emma: "The Life of Lincoln."

From Uncle George: A ten-dollar gold piece.

From Aunt Julie: A pair of golf stockings.

From Dad: A gold penknife.

From Mother: A pair of cuff buttons.

(Traded the whole shooting-match for a wireless outfit.)

D. H. B.

WOMAN can truly feel that a real emancipation is right at hand now that there is promise of her soon being able to go off to the movies and leave the electric-bulb to sing the baby to sleep!



"See here, that's a scandalous remark you published about me and I'm going to make you eat your words."

## Twin Bed-Time Stories

*Benedict Is Wrong*

**SCENE:** *The Bedroom of the Benedict Newleighs. To those who are unfamiliar with him, Benedict may seem to be asleep. But his wife knows better.*

**MRS. NEWLEIGH** (*tears are in her voice*): Benedict! (*No response. The tears are now falling to the accompaniment of low sobs.*)

**BENEDICT** (*having ignored the noises as long as he deems advisable*): What's the trouble, honey?

**MRS. NEWLEIGH**: E-everything!

**BENEDICT** (*heaving a mock sigh of relief*): That's fortunate. I was afraid for a moment that it was something serious.

**MRS. NEWLEIGH** (*the competition between her words and her sobs becomes more intense*): Oh, you brute! You wouldn't care if I lay here dying!

**BENEDICT**: If you're dying, Leila, I want to hear about it. What's the principal thing that's wrong?

**MRS. NEWLEIGH**: You don't even know yet! What day is to-day?

**BENEDICT**: June second until midnight, standard time. Let's get to sleep, dear, before June third.

**MRS. NEWLEIGH** (*with repressed feeling in her voice*): And doesn't June second mean anything to you?

**BENEDICT**: For Heaven's sake let's not talk in riddles.

**MRS. NEWLEIGH** (*coldly*): To-day was our wedding anniversary.

**BENEDICT** (*momentarily nonplused*): Why—why—no it wasn't either. If that isn't just like a woman! We were married on June third, and here you are raiding me because I didn't think it was the second instead.

**MRS. NEWLEIGH** (*addressing an invisible third person*): Oh,—he can't even remember the date!

**BENEDICT**: It's something I couldn't ever forget! It was June third, I tell you.

**MRS. NEWLEIGH**: It wasn't.

**BENEDICT**: It was! I'll go look in the family Bible and prove it. (*He climbs out of bed with much muttering and leaves the room. In a few minutes he returns and crawls silently between the covers again.*)

**MRS. NEWLEIGH**: Well, are you going to apologize?

**BENEDICT**: Of course not—you were wrong. We were married on June first.

**MRS. NEWLEIGH** (*she has a good constitution for she bursts out weeping with more enthusiasm than ever*): Oh-h-h, and you-u n-ever remembered it at all-l-l! And now it's too late—

**BENEDICT** (*in muffled tones*): Yes, it is awfully late. Happy dreams, honey.

(*A quick and merciful curtain.*)

T. H. L.

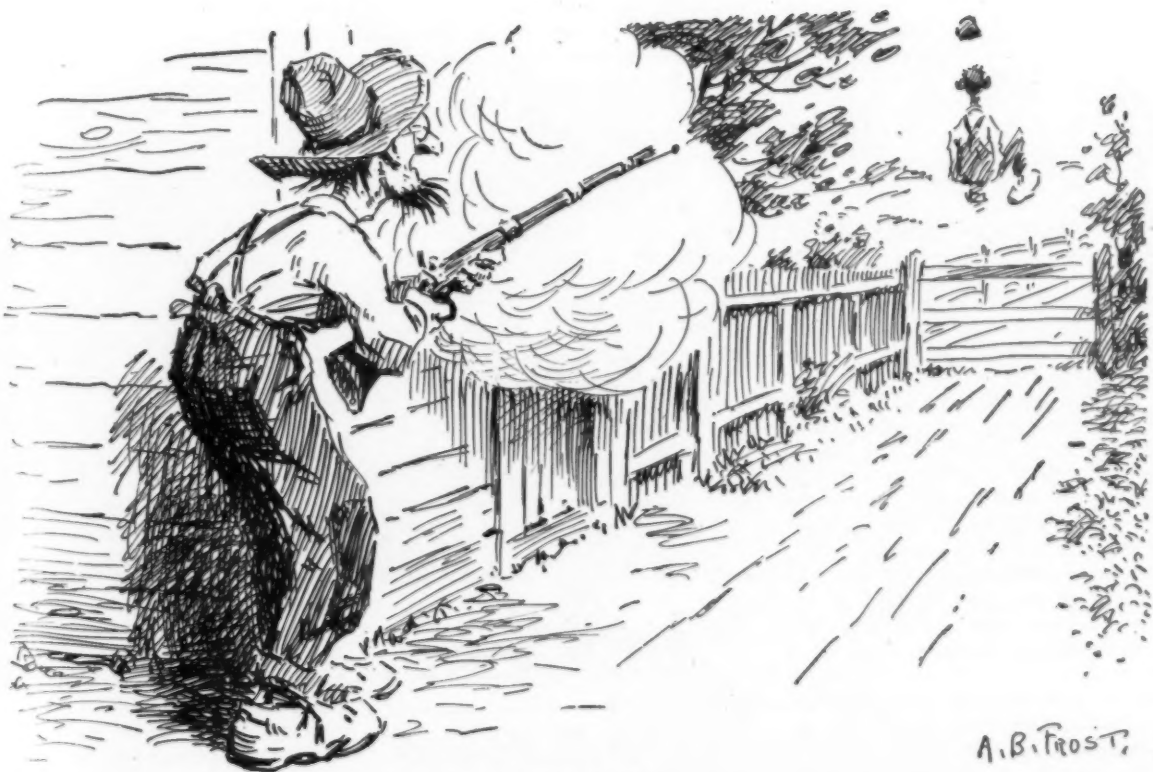


**Mate of the Mildred Louise, bootlegger**: A dead calm, sir, and I regret that the fore part of the ship is within the three-mile limit.

**Skipper**: Why, good gracious! Mr. Mate, you don't say so! Kindly pipe all hands and ask if they'll please shift the cargo aft.



He Missed



A. B. FROST

He Didn't Miss





JUNE 15, 1922

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

Vol. 79. No. 2067

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London.  
 ON May 15, Colonel George Harvey started on the second year of his service as Ambassador in London with a handsome send-off from Lord Northcliffe's *London Times*, which published a reproduction of a portrait drawing of him by Sargent, and reviewed his labors in a two-column article, commending them in an editorial as fruitful of much good, and promising much more.

In truth, the Harding administration has had a good year in its dealings with the Court of St. James', and Colonel Harvey, as one of the active agents in those dealings, shares the credit of their happy outcome. A year ago there was uneasiness in Washington because of the Irish agitation, because of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, because of the prospect that certain British mandates of the Treaty of Versailles would be operated against the reasonable interests of the United States, and because we did not seem to be getting a fair deal in the matter of oil. In the course of the year the Irish Agreement relieved the Irish inflammation in American politics, the Washington Conference got rid of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, the mandate wrinkles have been smoothed out somehow, and soothing agreements have been poured on the troubled oil. So one hears that the slate is clean so far as concerns the United Kingdom and the United States, and that there is nothing to hinder our Ambassador in London from going right on to realize the hopes which he expounded in his first address in England, that he might help to bring nearer the time when the two great

English-speaking powers, being benefitted by the same things, "should instinctively approach all world-problems from the same angle of common and inseparable concern."

In the matter of Russia, they have not seemed to see eye to eye. Mr. Lloyd George has been for opening an account with the present Russian government on the best terms procurable, being incited thereto by his concern for humanity, for trade, for Lloyd George and for the peace of Europe. The United States, contrariwise, has held that the Bolsheviks were impossible, and that nothing diplomatic could be done in Russia until the Devil had flown away with them. Since the Devil delays his flight so inconsiderately, our government, which is very friendly to the Russian people, has done what it could to alleviate starvation among them (though even that involved relations with the Soviet government) and pressure of facts may constrain it to go farther and try a new policy of help, but so far as American policy up to this time counts, American sympathy should have been with the French at Genoa, rather than with the British.

But was it?

Washington will know, and that knowledge may prove to be one of the valuable fruits of the Genoa conference.



DEAN Inge thinks that the Victorian age saw the culmination of English civilization. "The Twentieth Century," he said in his Cambridge lecture, "will

doubtless be full of interest, and may even develop some elements of greatness. But as regards the fortunes of this country, the signs are that our work on a grand scale, with the whole world as our stage, is probably nearing its end. Europe has sacrificed its last fifty years of primacy by an insane and suicidal struggle. America has emerged as the *tertius gaudens*."

As the opening and development of the Atlantic trade favored England, so now, the Dean thinks, "the Pacific stage, which is now beginning, must inevitably give the primacy to America." "Where," he asks, "shall we (the English) be thirty years hence?"

Since the good but gloomy Dean inquires, our surmise is that another generation will still find the British going strong in all parts of the Earth and active in commerce and government. The United States, as he suggests, is better situated for the Pacific trade than the United Kingdom, but Canada reaches to the Pacific, Australia and New Zealand have every access to it, South Africa borders on it, and the Suez Canal is still open. The British Empire is not without facilities for doing business in the new era.

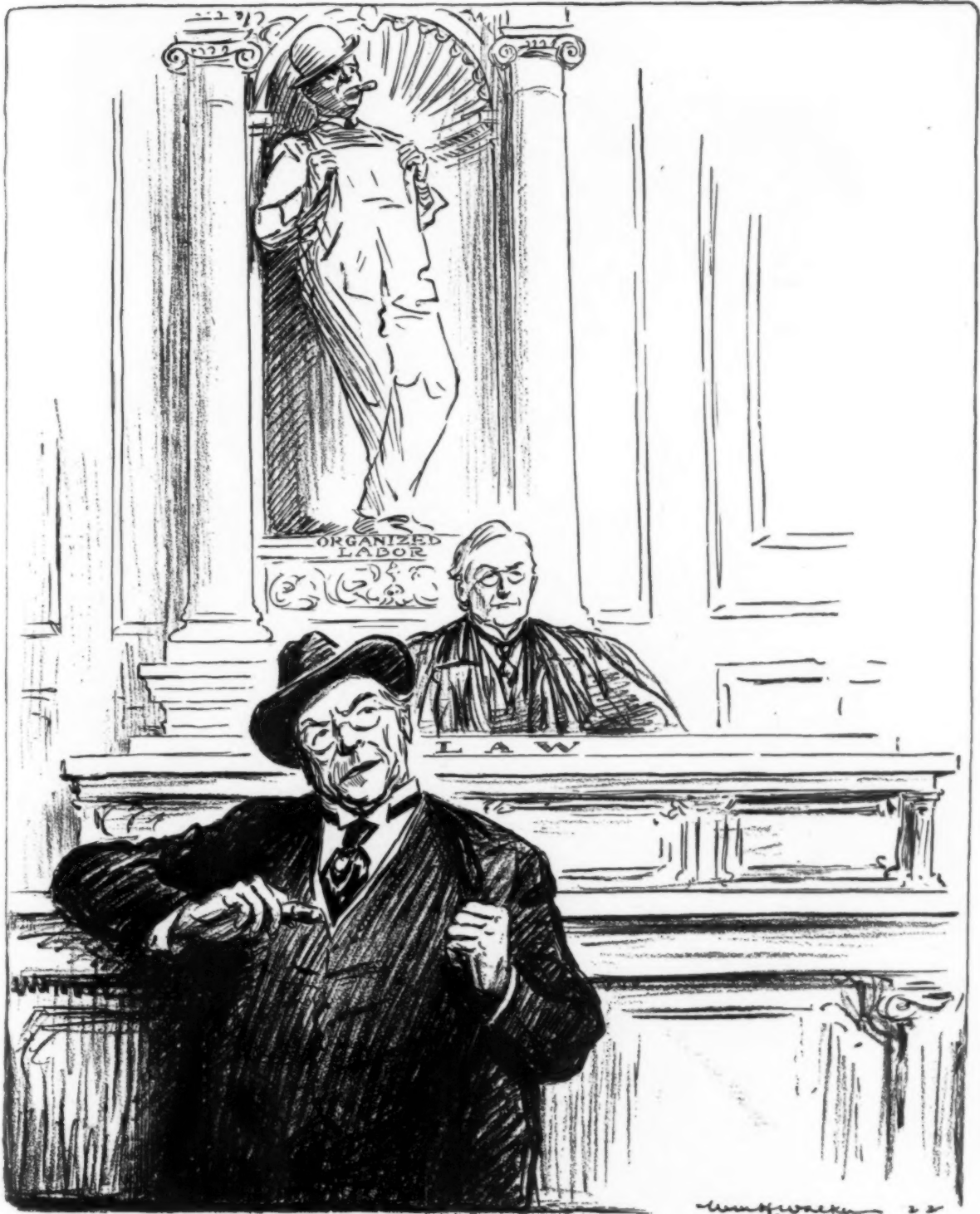
Have the British races declined in vigor or ability?

The Kaiser thought they had, and bet on it, but he lost his wager.

They say that deep ploughing by shells has increased the fertility of certain fields in France, with resulting crops that are unprecedented. The war has ploughed England very deep. Her coming leadership may derive from lower social strata than she has drawn on heretofore, but there is nothing necessarily ominous about that. The racial stuff is there.

E. S. M.





ABOVE THE LAW

Where law ends, tyranny begins

*William Pitt*

The law must not interfere with labor

*Samuel Gompers*





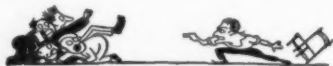




## General Depression

THE dying season still continues to make strange noises. One was called "The Drums of Jeopardy" and was founded on a novel of the same name by Harold MacGrath. It also was founded on the misapprehension that the off-stage beating of a tom-tom, since it worked such wonders in "The Emperor Jones," would terrify an audience to a point where nothing else mattered. In "The Drums of Jeopardy" the off-stage rhythmic drumming merely gave the impression that the performance was being given on the deck above the engine-room of a Fall River boat.

There was something about the horror which was intended to surround this story of Russian intrigue and emerald-snatching which didn't harden quite enough. Even when the calm, middle-aged hero, played with all the requisite *sangfroid* by William Courtleigh, lit his pipe and said quietly to the secret service agent: "You'd better put two more men on down-stairs," the thrill was optional. You could take it or leave it alone. And when, in the first act, he announced significantly: "I'd give a year of my life to know what became of those emeralds," he would have had a hard time finding ten other people in the audience to contribute an equal amount, even to save the story of the emeralds from total oblivion.



"The Drums of Jeopardy" had one of those "nasty cut" scenes, in which the victim of an assault lies supine on a couch, while the members of the cast enter in turn, lift the bandage from the forehead, utter a low ejaculation, and murmur: "A nasty cut! Has anyone sent for the doctor?" The doctor, arriving almost instantly with his distinguishing black bag, also lifts the bandage, controls the ejaculation with professional reserve, but can not repress a diagnosis in the form of "M-m-m-m. A nasty wound! Another inch and he would have been done for. You have probably saved his life, my little lady." This may be unfair to the dialogue in "The Drums of Jeopardy," but the idea is there.

And you can't be very unfair to dialogue in which people say, "Well, I'll take myself off!" and things like that.

One very pretty simile is originated here, however, one which deserves to be noted in case someone should want to use it again. The hero, looking very earnestly at the heroine, asks her if she knows what happens when you throw a stone into a pond. The girl, after a moment's thought, says "yes," and then goes on to explain how the little ripples extend outward and still farther outward until at last they reach the very shores of the pond.

"Well," says the hero, "that is exactly what has happened in this case. This stone, dropped in the pond over in Russia, is sending its ripples 'way over here."

By this he meant, you see, that, although the theft of these emeralds occurred in Russia, circumstances had brought it about that the effects were being felt in this dear land of ours, America. And it seemed to me that this analogy with Nature and her pond-ripples was a very happy one, and I am sure that it would have seemed so to you, too, had you heard it.



MCINTYRE and Heath are probably very funny, but they are not quite funny enough to carry a showful of late Renaissance jokes along with them. The book of "Red Pepper" is credited to Edgar Smith and Emily M. Young, and at any rate you can say for Edgar and Emily that they have kept their ears open during the past twenty-five years. Nothing has got by them, not even Bert Savoy's story, "Hot or cold, he goes out of here to-morrow."

Of course, it may not be the authors' doings, and these little old men jokes about the Knight of the Bath being Saturday, and the B. V. and D. Railroad, may have been led in by the hand from the outside at rehearsals. But, even making every allowance for seepage, "Red Pepper" is nothing to sign your name to if your conscience troubles you at night at all.

The Messrs. Shubert have given the show a production which must have cost every cent of a hundred and fifty dollars, including burnt cork.



THE Neighborhood Playhouse is closing its season with an importation from Professor Baker's Workshop at Harvard, "Makers of Light," by Frederic Lansing Day, and a remarkably moving and delicate little play it is, too. Unlike many workshop plays, it has practically no shavings sticking to it and it does not smell of varnish. As it stands, it has the appearance of a play written, not under instruction, but under inspiration, and in many of its passages there is a subtle irony and bitter satire which transform what might otherwise be a propaganda play for higher pay for teachers into a real bit of dramatic writing.

Adrienne Morrison, Ian Maclaren, and Albert Carroll, among others in an excellent cast, help to render "Makers of Light" even more convincing and a worthy final feature of an excellent season at the Neighborhood Playhouse.

Benchley.



# Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**The Fat. Morosco.**—Crime melodrama in a record run.

**The Cat and the Canary. National.**—Will keep your spine cool at least.

**The Charlatan. Times Square.**—More murder mystery.

**Drums of Jeopardy. Gaiety.**—Reviewed in this issue.

**Fanny Hawthorn. Vanderbilt.**—Honest drama dealing with the single standard.

**The Hairy Ape. Plymouth.**—A powerful and fantastic play by Eugene O'Neill, showing brute man in a blind alley.

**He Who Gets Slapped. Garrick.**—Last week of Andreyev's beautiful tragedy of the circus.

**Lawful Larceny. Republic.**—Unimportant but interesting.

**Makers of Light. Neighborhood.**—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Nest. Forty-Eighth St.**—One of the most moving plays of the season.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Abie's Irish Rose. Fulton.**—Something awful.

**Bronx Express. Astor.**—The makings of an effective dream-fantasy, badly handled.

**Captain Applejack. Cort.**—Wallace Eddin-

ger and Mary Nash in a very amusing romantic burlesque.

**The Demi-Virgin. Eltinge.**—Smoking-room drama.

**The Dover Road. Bijou.**—Delightful English comedy with Charles Cherry in the lead.

**The First Year. Little.**—The dean of home plays.

**The French Doll. Lyceum.**—Irene Bordoni and an excellent cast in a conventional story of marrying for money.

**The Goldfish. Marine Elliott's.**—A sometimes amusing mixture of things, with Marjorie Rambeau and Wilton Lackaye to help things out.

**Heads I Win. Earl Carroll.**—To be reviewed later.

**Kempy. Belmont.**—A very nice little play written and acted by Nugents.

**Kiki. Belasco.**—Lenore Ulric in one of the outstanding performances of the season.

**Partners Again. Selwyn.**—Potash and Perlmutter with a new line of laughs.

**A Pinch Hitter. Henry Miller's.**—To be reviewed next week.

**The Rotters. Thirty-Ninth St.**—Couldn't be worse.

**The Rubicon. Hudson.**—Peeking over the transom.

**Six-Cylinder Love. Sam H. Harris.**—Ernest

Truex and June Walker in a hilarious account of automobiling in the suburbs.

**To the Ladies! Liberty.**—Several dignified American institutions kidded with delightful effect.

**Up the Ladder. Playhouse.**—Clean.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Blossom Time. Ambassador.**—Good music.

**Chauve-Souris. Century Roof.**—A new program by Russian singers and dancers who have become one of the fads of New York.

**Good Morning, Dearie. Globe.**—Still up in the lead among musical shows.

**Make It Snappy. Winter Garden.**—Eddie Cantor in sober white face and much funnier than usual to our way of thinking.

**The Music Box Revue. Music Box.**—A revue which has established a standard.

**The Perfect Fool. George M. Cohan's.**—Ed Wynn in a great deal of trouble.

**Red Pepper. Shubert.**—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Rose of Stamboul. Century.**—Elaborate comic opera, with Tessa Kosta and James Barton.

**Shuffle Along. Sixty-Third St.**—Negro singers and dancers in their second year at the same stand.

**Ziegfeld's Follies. New Amsterdam.**—To be reviewed later.



Is it coming to this? Only a bowing acquaintance with our allies.

## Worrying

**T**HERE are two kinds of worrying: (1) worrying about everything; (2) worrying about nothing.

I have been a great worrier. Looking back over my life I find that it has been divided distinctly into periods during which I have been engaged in one or the other of these two forms of worrying.

It takes no more brains to engage in one kind of worry than it does in the other. I happen just now to be worrying about nothing, and I know it is an easy, brainless condition. I realize, too, now, that worrying about everything takes no work or intelligence either, although when I am in a serious worrying mood I always regard myself as a hard, deep thinker. For a long time, in my younger days, I worried about everything because I thought it was smart. I guess I worried because I liked to feel smart. As I grow older I don't care so much about feeling, or looking, smart. Worrying about nothing is much more pleasant, and I am arriving at the age in life when one is more concerned about his pleasure than about his intelligence.

Whether one worries about everything or worries about nothing depends much on how one gets his day, or his year, started. It is usually a matter of an adjustment of about a quarter of an inch in one's attitude.

At just this moment you couldn't worry me with fire, water, pestilence or theft.

To-morrow morning I may worry fiercely because I miss the 8:30 train to the city and have to wait for the 8:40.

But I think not. I think this is one of the months when I am worrying about nothing.

D. H.

## Longings

**G**IVE me a tale of the South, South Seas;  
Of the land of *fei* and *poi*;  
Where the faint hibiscus scents the breeze  
And life is a dream of joy.

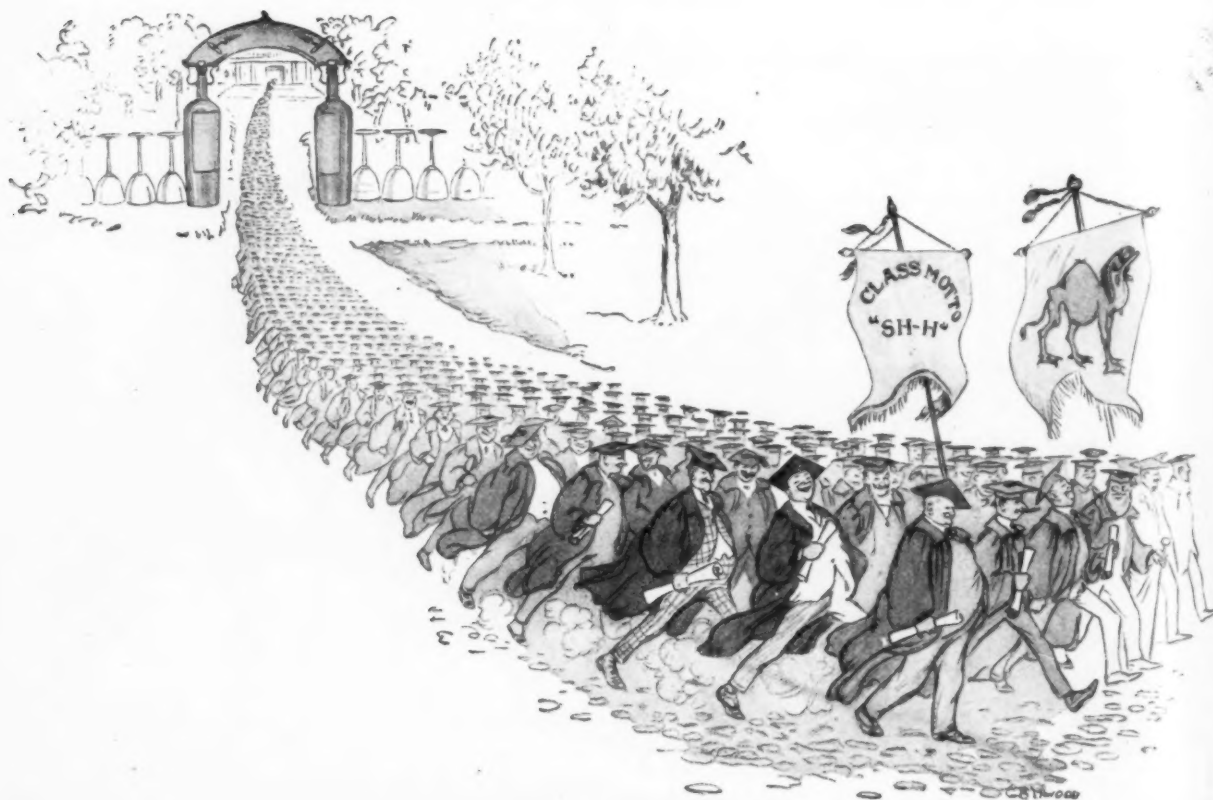
Give me a story of Tytee's isle  
Where the white moon swooning swings,  
And I'll tear it up with a fiendish smile  
For I'm tired of the dratted things!

B. I.

## These Efficiency Courses

"That new employee of ours doesn't seem to accomplish much."

"No, he hasn't time. He's too busy being efficient."



## Nobody Flunked

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### How It Happened

"It was the first time I had ever driven a car," feebly explained the victim of the accident. "I got to going pretty fast and forgot how to stop. I looked ahead and saw a bridge rushing to meet me. I tried to turn out to let the bridge pass and—that is all I know about it."—*Country Gentleman.*

### Sheet Lightning

HARRIET: Why do you put your head under the pillow when it storms?

JUNIOR: I am afraid of lightning.

HARRIET: But if it can't see your head it might spank you.

—*Youngstown Telegram.*

### Threepenny Wise

MAGNIFICENT INDIVIDUAL (on London 'bus): Will you take a pound note for a threepenny fare?

CONDUCTOR: Not 'arf. Wot O!

—*London Mail.*

"KNOW the best way to keep a secret?"

"Yes. Hire an umpire to shout it through a megaphone."

—*Nashville Tennessean.*



"THE EVIL THAT MEN DO"  
"Don't you remember me, sir? You saved my life at Ypres."  
"Did I? I'm sorry."

—*Reproduced from Punch (London) by arrangement with the proprietors.*

### Lights and Shadows

A lamp, they say, should give a room  
What subtlety lends to a lady,  
A mystery, still short of gloom,  
A something shaded, yet not shady!

A lamp is better overcast;

Too candid rays are rarely pleasant.  
A "vamp" should have not quite a  
"past"—

But something not exactly present.

—*Keith Preston, in Chicago News.*

### The Birthday Present

It was Daisy's twelfth birthday, and she had been given a silver thimble. Her friends admired the gift, but Daisy kept her sentiments to herself. In the evening a very human aunt was shown the useful present.

"Poor child!" was her only comment.

"Those are the first words of sympathy I've had to-day!" said Daisy—and her pent-up feelings found relief in tears!

—*London Morning Post.*

### Bachelor Sentiment

HE: Indeed, I am fond of children, particularly in the country.

SHE: Why particularly when you're in the country?

HE: Not when I am in the country. When they are.

—*Sans-Gêne (Paris).*

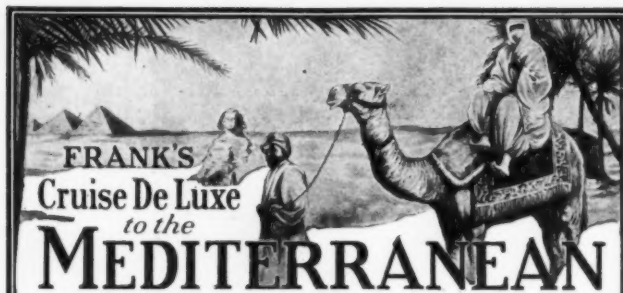
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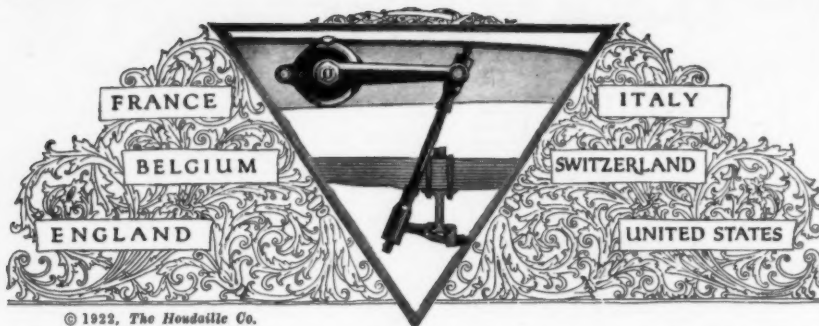
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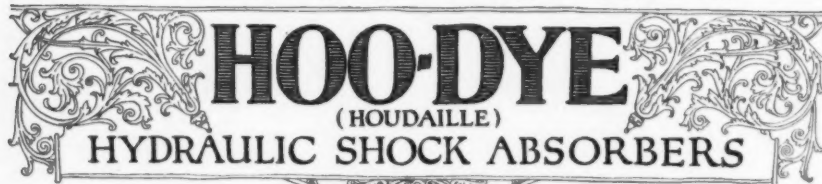
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### Might Leave Something

DEDBROKE (roused by his wife): What's that you say, a burglar?

MRS. DEBROKE: Yes. Fancy a burglar calling on us!

DEDBROKE: Let him climb in; then I'll give a yell and it may make him drop something he has stolen elsewhere.

—Boston Transcript.



"Yes, the landlord is without pity. He is throwing us out. We will be just like birds on a branch."

"I hope to heaven it holds."

—Le Journal Amusant (Paris).

### OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



#### Elastic Capacity

A chap who was hiring a car for use over the week-end of the house-party, after eliminating a lot of details in the transaction, inquired how many the car held.

The native stroked his beard and scratched his head.

"Well, she generally holds four, but seven can get along, if they're well acquainted."—Princeton Tiger.

#### Refereeing Relativity

A Daily Mail correspondent sought the views of Jack Dempsey at Long-champs on the topic of short or long skirts for women. We understand that, when asked for his opinion of the Einstein Theory, he dismissed it with a wave of the hand.—Punch.

MR. BACKWARD: Been playing with the landlord's children, have yer? Well, don't get too intimate with 'em. The next thing they'll be coming in here askin' for the rent.

—Pearson's Weekly (London).

### The Concert

It was the night of the grand concert, and approaching the hour at which it had been advertised to commence.

Blobb and Blabbs had taken tremendous pains over it. They had engaged an enormous hall, with a seating capacity of four thousand.

At seven o'clock the money-takers, ticket-takers, ushers, and attendants were assembled *en masse* in the hall. Then came the following scene:

"Money-takers all ready?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Ticket-takers all ready?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Ushers and attendants by the door!"

"Right, sir!"

"Now open the doors."

The iron doors crashed open. There was a terrific gust of wind as two small boys entered.

"Please, mister," said a tiny voice, "can we both get in on this free pass?"

—Answers (London).

### Publicity

"How do you like your new publicity agent?" we asked.

"Oh, he's wonderful!" cried the movie star, beaming with enthusiasm. "We've been robbed twice, and our house burned, and our auto wrecked, and I've been in a cyclone, and had my life threatened by an anonymous enemy, since we employed him!"

—Grinnell Malteser.

### The Strategic Moment

CITIZEN: That's my car. The thief is just fixing a blowout.

POLICEMAN: All right, I'll go over and arrest him.

CITIZEN: Sh-h-h! Wait till he gets the tire pumped up.

—American Legion Weekly.

"I BEG your pardon," said the lady collector timidly, "would you please help the Working Girls' Home?"

"Certainly," said the man, "but where are they?"—London Morning Post.



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# FISK

## TIRES





## Your Florist Knows

To be able at all times and upon all occasions to say and do the "right thing" is considered an accomplishment. A careful regard for convention means simply a regard for each other.

And so those who pay tribute to the convention that makes it proper to send a gift of flowers to one's hostess have the courteous distinction that marks the ever welcome guest. Flowers keep alive among us the spirit of gallantry. And you can make rich in happiness those you remember when you "say it with flowers" for birthdays, wedding anniversaries and other occasions.

Your Florist will be glad to aid in the selections of floral tokens appropriate for every occasion.

Flowers may be telegraphed to all parts of the United States and Canada and delivered in a few hours through the Florist Telegraph Delivery Service.

*"Say it with Flowers"*

## Efficiency in the Book-shop

"YES, I suppose we do need more efficiency in here," said the Old-Fashioned Bookseller to the Modern Young Clerk whom he had just engaged. "I'll have to turn that over to you, though, for I don't know much about these new-fangled things."

"Don't think about it again," answered the Modern Young Clerk reassuringly. "Just go ahead and have your lunch and when you come back I'll have a surprise for you."

When he returned an hour later the Proprietor found that the Young Clerk had obtained quite a start with the classification of the books. They were arranged as follows:

### EQUESTRIANISM

"The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere," by Henry W. Longfellow.

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," by V. Blasco Ibañez.

### LEGAL

"The Defense of Guinevere," by William Morris.

### SLEIGHT OF HAND

"The Wonder Book," by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

### ETYMOLOGY

"The Gold Bug," by Edgar Allan Poe.

### CONSOLIDATED GAS CO. REPORTS

"The Charge of the Light Brigade," by Alfred Lord Tennyson.

"The Light That Failed," by Rudyard Kipling.

### HORTICULTURE

"Sesame and Lilies," by John Ruskin.

"Leaves of Grass," by Walt Whitman.

"The Black Tulip," by A. Dumas.

### MEDICAL

"The Surgeon's Daughter," by Sir Walter Scott.

### EDUCATIONAL

"The School for Scandal," by Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

### AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES

"Twice Told Tales," by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

### HARDWARE

"The Truth About Blayds," by A. A. Milne.

### POKER STORIES

"Sixes and Sevens," by O. Henry.

"The Hands of Nara," by Richard Washburn Child.

The Modern Young Man misunderstood the emotion which seemed to be overpowering the Proprietor as he surveyed the result of the hour's work.

"Give me a little more time and I'll have 'em all fixed up under their proper headings," he promised him.

But there was no response. With a low moan the Old-Fashioned Proprietor had sunk unconscious to the floor.

T. H. L.

## Millingham's Cat-Fooler



by  
**ELLIS PARKER  
BUTLER**

Author of *Pigs is Pigs*

## Do you borrow Garden Hose or lend it?

Whichever you do, you will enjoy Mr. Butler's inimitable garden hose story, "Millingham's Cat-Fooler," which we have obtained permission to reprint for the entertainment of our friends. 32 pages bound in boards and illustrated with amusing pictures. *Sent free to promote your garden hose education.* This book contains no advertising, direct or inferential. With it we enclose a pamphlet:

## "The Truth About Garden Hose"

which tells you how to know a good hose when you see it, how to get the kind of hose best suited to your needs, and how to care for it to make it wear as long as possible. A book of valuable information for every gardener, florist, garage owner, or other user of hose. Incidentally it tells you about our three standard brands of garden hose.

## Bull Dog Milo Good Luck

and explains why these particular brands have become within 5 years the most widely talked of hose on the market, and why one of them will exactly fit your garden hose needs. Send for these books today.

**BOSTON WOVEN HOSE  
AND RUBBER  
COMPANY**

153 Portland St., Cambridge, Mass.

Largest makers of Garden Hose in the world and manufacturers of the famous GOOD LUCK Fruit Jar Rubbers

## Are We Growing Too Serious?

THAT the American people are falling under the curious hypnotism of the serious new book at five dollars is becoming convincingly evident. They won't touch the classics any more than ever; but intense critical works, searching biographies, and original histories, so long as they are new, find impatient readers by the thousands. The serious book is the fashion; and throughout the land the libraries and bookstores give proof of the mad desire to absorb the purposeful and new.

The epidemic began with a mild form of infection from Chesterton's visit, grew worse when "The Outline of History" began to be read, and reached alarming proportions with "Queen Victoria." In fact, whole communities have gone quite gravely insane over the Victorian books, and only the rapid publication of new ones has prevented a mental crisis in more than one town.

One of the serious symptoms of this national malady is the universal willingness of the people who protested the two-dollar novel to pay five or ten dollars for a biography or history, if new and properly exploited.

Meanwhile, literature languishes. We have become too serious. The question is, must the disease run its course or can it be arrested by injections of the standard antidote of humor? The situation demands intelligent action.

McC. H.

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ensures you the ultimate in perfectly equipped cars and trained chauffeurs for touring in Europe and England or for city hire in London and Paris. More economical and satisfactory than taking your own car across.  
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Only one-fifth of the buildings owned by the Bell System are shown in this picture.

## A Telephone City

Above is an imaginary city, made by grouping together *one-fifth* of the buildings owned by the Bell System, and used in telephone service. Picture to yourself a city *five times* as great and you will have an idea of the amount of real estate owned by the Bell System throughout the country.

If all these buildings were grouped together, they would make a business community with 400 more buildings than the total number of office buildings in New York City, as classified by the Department of Taxes and Assessments.

Next to its investment in modern telephone equipment, the

largest investment of the Bell System is in its 1,600 modern buildings, with a value of \$144,000,000. Ranging in size from twenty-seven stories down to one-story, they are used principally as executive offices, central offices, storehouses and garages. The modern construction of most of the buildings is indicated by the fact that the investment in buildings is now over three times what it was ten years ago.

Every building owned by the Bell System must be so constructed and so situated as to serve with efficiency the telephone public in each locality, and to be a sound investment for future requirements.



"BELL SYSTEM"  
**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY**  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES  
*One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service*

### Historical Item

YESTERDAY afternoon a vast crowd assembled to witness the ceremonies attendant upon the unveiling of the great Volstead monument by the Bootleggers' League of America. In his eloquent unveiling speech the president of the Bootleggers' League said, among other things:

"Our great benefactor will need no introduction to posterity. This monument is only our humble tribute. Indeed, without him, where would

we be to-day? Every yacht that we sail on, every palatial residence that we inhabit, testifies to his genius."

From the Amalgamated Order of Scotch Whisky Dealers of Canada came a beautiful floral wreath with the sympathetic inscription: "No border line shall balk us!"

One of the most dramatic moments of the whole afternoon came when Mr. Volstead rose to reply. So overcome was he with emotion that all he could say was:

"Boys, all this is on me."

# W. L. DOUGLAS

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

**\$7.00 & \$8.00 SHOES**
**ALSO MANY STYLES AT \$5.00 & \$6.00**

YOU CAN ALWAYS  
SAVE MONEY BY WEARING  
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They are made of the best and finest leathers, by skilled shoemakers, all working to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The quality is unsurpassed. Only by examining them can you appreciate their wonderful value. Shoes of equal quality cannot be bought elsewhere at anywhere near our prices.

Our \$7.00 and \$8.00 shoes are exceptionally good values. W. L. Douglas shoes are put into all of our 108 stores at factory cost. We do not make one cent of profit until the shoes are sold to you. It is worth dollars for you to remember that when you buy shoes at our stores **YOU PAY ONLY ONE PROFIT.**

No matter where you live, shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with the name and retail price stamped on the sole. Do not take a substitute and pay extra profits. Order direct from the factory and save money.



W. L. Douglas name and portrait is the best known shoe Trade Mark in the world. It stands for the highest standard of quality at the lowest possible cost. The intrinsic value of a Trade Mark lies in giving to the consumer the equivalent of the price paid for the goods.

Catalog Free.

**W. L. Douglas**

President  
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,  
147 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

## The Chance

HIS head fell forward, his arms dropped and his body slid off the chair to the floor. Horrified his three companions jumped up from their chairs, and while two of them carried the unconscious man to a divan the third hurriedly telephoned for a doctor. It seemed endless years before the doctor arrived, and the three men paced and smoked nervously and watched the prostrate figure in vain for a sign of life. A step was heard in the hall and the doctor, a tall, serious man, entered with a bag. His trained professional eye took in the empty bottles and glasses on the table but without a word he set to the work before him. Half an hour he worked on the patient while the other men, perceptibly nervous, felt their heads and pulses alternately. Finally the patient opened his eyes and looked up at the anxious gathering bending over him. The physician spoke. "Young man, I am a doctor. Will you please tell me what you took?" The young man looked up, smiled and said, "I took a nine finesse, Doc, and it worked!"

D. H. B.

## The Newspaper Visitor

"AND so you work in the composing room! Isn't that fine!"

"I've been here ten years."

"Won't you sing something you've composed?"

# Life's

## Latest Picture Title Contest Begins Next Week

**\$800.00 in Prizes**

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One Year \$5 Canadian \$5.80 Foreign \$6.60



## THE SILENT DRAMA

### Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 22)

**Watch Your Step.** Goldwyn.—Highly entertaining little comedy about a rich youth who becomes a tramp.

**Missing Husbands.** Metro.—Fantastic French film with some good desert scenes and a great deal of absurdity.

**North of the Rio Grande.** Paramount.—Bebe Daniels and Jack Holt in a drama of the great open spaces—most of the great open spaces being out in the section where the audience is supposed to sit.

**Sherlock Holmes.** United Artists.—John Barrymore impersonates the master detective who was famous in the days before Conan Doyle went into the spirit world to get material for his fiction.

**The Beauty Shop.** Paramount.—Labored wit.

**The Prisoner of Zenda.** Metro.—A romantic tale of love and intrigue in the Kingdom of Ruritania, flavored with some excellent acting.

**Beyond the Rocks.** Paramount.—One of those things that draw crowds to the box-office, and then cause these same crowds to ask, "What is wrong with the movies?"

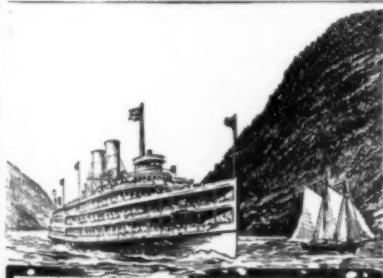
**His Wife's Husband.** Pyramid.—Her husband leaves her and she, believing him dead, marries a man who later becomes mayor—and then



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Have you used Pears' Soap?"

*Pears'*  
SOAP



## Hudson River by Daylight

DON'T miss it this year!—the most delightful inland water trip on the American continent. Inspiring views of lofty headlands; beautiful shore vistas; points of historic interest. A new thrill at every turn. And the chance to speed over cool, sparkling waters on one of the famous fleet of five

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Daily and Sunday service between New York and Albany; also One-Day Outings. Ideal route to vacation points North and West. Rail tickets accepted. New York to Albany and Albany to New York. Season to October 22.

**Hudson River Day Line**  
Desbrosses Street Pier New York

her first husband comes back to cause trouble. You now know the whole story, which relieves you of the necessity of seeing the picture itself. Congratulations.

**The Paleface.** First National.—Buster Keaton is the only person in the theatre who doesn't get a laugh out of this.

**The Loves of Pharaoh.** Paramount.—A beautiful spectacle, which shows how the ancient Egyptians spent their time out of office hours.

**Smilin' Through.** First National.—Norma Talmadge in a spiritualistic story, designed for those who like to take their saccharine straight.

**The Cradle Buster.** Warren.—Introducing Glenn Hunter as a star. We are very pleased to make his acquaintance.

**The Man From Home.** Paramount.—Unnecessarily insipid stuff—redeemed by a few beautiful back-grounds.

**Grandma's Boy.** Pathé.—Harold Lloyd mixes a little drama with his comedy, and the result is unbelievably satisfactory.

**For Review Next Week.**—"Yellow Men and Gold," "Sonny," "One Clear Call" and "The Ordeal."

R. E. S.



**Old Gentleman:** Does your mother allow you to smoke in here?

**Son of the House:** Oh, yes—good for the moth.

**Old Gentleman:** Ah—suffer from moth? So that's what's the matter with you.

—Reproduced from *Punch* (London) by arrangement with the proprietors.



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## Rhymed Reviews

### The Red House Mystery

By A. A. Milne.

E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE doors are locked; the deed is done;  
The local sleuths are ineffective;  
But see! to get his kind of fun  
Appears the Amateur Detective.

What name is this that some engage  
With that of Sherlock Holmes to bracket?  
'Tis "Antony" on every page,  
Though "Anthony" upon the jacket.

Within the house of ruddy hue  
The subtle culprit dares to lodge him.  
He quickly finds each missing clue;  
The Secret Passage cannot dodge him.

While all the most absurd police  
Are even made to look absurder,  
He proves,—will wonders never cease?—  
Who really did the artful murder.

Though Antony, I grieve to state,  
Has grown to like his guilty quarry  
(The murdered man deserved his fate),  
He doesn't seem the least bit sorry.

He loves to solve a crafty plan  
And bring a head upon a platter.  
He loves the game—the chase of Man;  
The human problem doesn't matter.

The tale has twists and thrills enough;  
The end is hid,—I'll let it stay so,  
It's really good detective stuff  
And clever, too; I blush to say so;

For though in strategy and guile  
I rate my prowess close to zero,  
I guessed this riddle quite a while  
Before the chilly-blooded hero.  
A. G.

### Their Favorite Pastimes

THE Bankrupt—Hockey.  
The Bootlegger—Skating.  
The Coquette—Archery.  
The Motorist—Cross-country running.  
The Chiropodist—Football.  
The Critic—Hammer throwing.  
The Diplomat—Tilting.  
The Engineer—Bridge.  
The Movie Comedian—Discus throwing.  
The Shipping Clerk—Boxing.

THE tourist stood in front of a sign—"Subway Entrances."  
"H'm! It doesn't entrance me,"  
he said coldly.

## Watch your gums—bleeding a sign of trouble

MEDICAL science knows how serious is the sign of bleeding gums. For it knows that tender and bleeding gums are the forerunners of Pyorrhea, that dread disease which afflicts four out of five people over forty.

If the disease is unchecked, the gum-line recedes, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the Pyorrhea poisons generated at their base—poisons which seep into the system and wreck the health. They cause rheumatism, nervous disorders, anaemia, and many other ills.

To avoid Pyorrhea, visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection, and use Forhan's For the Gums. Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult your dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c. in the United States and Canada.

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R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.  
FORHAN CO.  
New York  
Forhan's, Ltd.  
Montreal



**Forhan's**  
FOR THE GUMS

### Venial

FIRST GEORGIAN: I hear you-all lynched the wrong man the other day.

SECOND GEORGIAN: Yeah, but it didn't matter. He didn't know what the lynchin' was for, anyway.

THERE is nobody so uninteresting as a man in a hurry.

## Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



**BELL-ANS**  
FOR INDIGESTION  
25 CENTS  
6 BELL-ANS  
Hot water  
Sure Relief

25c AND 75c PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

## Clinkered Sweetness

IF there is anything likely to stand out as unusual in "Chanting Wheels" (Putnam), a first novel by Hubbard Hutchinson, it will be his implied suggestion for the solution of the labor problem. Otherwise, "Chanting Wheels" is a pleasant enough story of a young college-bred musician who voluntarily and anonymously takes a menial place in his uncle's works (they are always called "Works"), and of his struggles with his surroundings.

To get back to the labor problem, Dante Rossetti Raleigh, "amid the sounding symphonies of chanting wheels," feels, fondles and finally frees the musical souls of his fellow workmen. Insidiously, he begins by organizing quartettes to sing the heart songs of the old country and then he writes a shop chantey, the timely singing of which at a mass meeting is able to inspire sufficient loyalty to thwart the wicked labor leader, whose purpose, of course, is to close Raleigh's uncle's open shop.

Can foreign labor be controlled as readily as Mr. Hutchinson seems to have proved, the A. F. L. is as dead as a diplodocus. All any wide-awake industrial organization has to do from now on is to fire the Vocational Engineer and install a grade A musician in his place. The musician can keep the boys happy by giving them weekly concerts in the Welfare Building, for, in Mr. Hutchinson's own words, "they've got what Americans lack—feeling, emotions, and latent artistic capacity." Accordingly, we confidently expect to hear in the near future of a concert given by the Crucible Glee Club which will include among the numbers, "Hands Across the Gary," "The Gompers Blues" and "Where My Charley Schwab Has Rested."

On the other hand, the A. F. L. can also make use of the idea. Figure the complications which would arise in the event of a threatened walkout in the Acme Pants Company. While the distracted workers were being soothed by the Emporia Ladies' Stringed Quartette playing the "Barcarolle" from "The Tales of Hoffman," what could prevent the cohorts of the other side from crashing in with the "Marseillaise" played on combs and tissue paper? It's a delicate point to consider. In the interests of fair play, may the side with the best musical advantages win.

Any way you look at it, the idea of controlling foreign labor by music is unquestionably unique. We wonder if Mr. Hutchinson got his inspiration for "Chanting Wheels" from hearing the draft army being taught to sing, "Good Morning, Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip."

Out of our experience, we're inclined to think so.  
H. W. H.



## The man who puts the bubbles in it

**Y**OU have perhaps noticed the silvery bubbles in Clicquot Club Ginger Ale and that they stay in it a long time.

"Putting in the bubbles" is an important part of making Clicquot. The spring water, drawn from the bed-rock through aluminum pipes, is quite cold but not cold enough.

By refrigeration, the temperature of the water is forced down almost to freezing. Then the water is carbonated. *That's* what makes Clicquot so lively, so full of sparkle.

Warmer water would not take the carbonation so well, nor would it hold it so long after the bottle is opened. So the man who puts the bubbles in Clicquot watches the thermometers and keeps the temperature just right.

And every part of the making of Clicquot Club is just as carefully guarded. No ginger but real Jamaica ginger is used; only pure cane sugar sweetens it; and the happy blend of Clicquot is made with the addition of fruit juices. No wonder "*they all like it.*"

Order Clicquot Club Ginger Ale by the case. Should you desire a change in flavors at times, you can get a mixed case with Ginger Ale, Sarsaparilla, Birch Beer and Root Beer.

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Ginger Ale  
Sarsaparilla  
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**Clicquot Club**  
Pronounced Klee-Ko  
**GINGER ALE**



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**"HANDY GRIP"**  
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## The Refill Shaving Stick

*Can you think of other things  
like refilling a "Handy Grip"?*

THE ease with which Colgate's "Refill" Shaving Stick can be put into the "Handy Grip" is shown in these illustrations.

Can you think of other similar conveniences that are like putting a "Refill" Shaving Stick in the "Handy Grip"?

Write your suggestions on the attached coupon, mail it to us, and we will send you, free, a "Handy Grip," with a trial size Shaving Stick.

You can buy the Colgate "Refills," threaded to fit this Grip, for the price of the soap alone. Thus you save 10c on each "Refill" you buy.

In hot water or cold, in soft water or hard, there's nothing like Colgate's for the luxurious, moist lather that means an easy shave.

Be sure to fill out and mail the coupon.

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In addition to being like putting a new blade in a razor, like putting a new shell in a gun, like putting a new light in a socket, and like putting a new battery in a flashlight, putting a Colgate "Refill" in the "Handy Grip" is like

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